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TAKING A LAPLANDER—OFF-HAND SKETCHING



BYARD TAYLOR, among his other accomplishments, has that of delineator in crayon, and "does up" faces with considerable taste and truthfulness. In his last *voyage*, the poet-traveler wended his way towards the Polarides, and all just to see a day without a sun above the horizon! Had he tarried in any of our Northern States during the months of March and April, he would have seen and felt the presence of many a day with no sun visible above the horizon. Strange how enthusiastic travelers will go so far to see so common an event. He saw that day, and—but we propose, in a future number, to tell what was his experience in Arctic scenery. For the present, we may see to what use he put his crayons. He says, writing from Muoniovara:

"I have been employing part of my time in making sketches of characteristic faces. Mr. Wolley, finding that I wished to procure good types of the Finns and Lapps, kindly assisted me—his residence of three years in Muoniovara enabling him to know who were the most marked and peculiar personages. Ludwig was dispatched to procure an old fellow by the name of Neimi, a Finn, who promised to comply with my wishes; but his ignorance made him suspicious, and it was necessary to send again. 'I know what travelers are,' said he, 'and what a habit they have of getting people's skulls to carry home with them. Even if they are arrested for it, they are so rich, they always buy over the judges. Who knows but they might try to kill me for the sake of my skull?' After much persuasion, he was finally induced to come; and seeing that Ludwig supposed he was still afraid, he said, with great energy: 'I have made up my mind to go, even if a shower of knives should fall from heaven!' He was seventy-three years old, though he did not appear to be over sixty—his hair being thick and black, his frame erect and sturdy, and his color crimson, rather than pale. His eyebrows were jet-black and bushy, his eyes large and deep-set, his nose strong and prominent, and the corners of his long mouth drawn down in

a settled curve, expressing a melancholy grimness. The high cheek-bones, square brow, and muscular jaw belonged to the true Finnish type. He held perfectly still while I drew, scarcely moving a muscle of his face, and I succeeded in getting a portrait which everybody recognized. I gave him a piece of money, with which he was greatly delighted; and, after a cup of coffee, in Herr Knoblock's kitchen, he went home quite proud and satisfied."

There is no accomplishment more admirable for the traveler, than to be able to sketch and delineate with readiness. It is his passport to many a heart and favorable turn; and, if not exercised upon the most "artistic" principles, is yet productive of real profit. The magnificent volume of Dr. KANE's explorations were illustrated from the Doctor's own sketches; and it is not the least desirable part of the results of that terrible Expedition—whose story he has told so manfully—that it has so familiarized the people with Arctic life and scenery. Had the Commander been less accomplished as an artist, the world would, indeed, have lost much.

So with LAYARD, in his Babylonian exhumations. His sketches give us a more perfect idea of what is discovered, than any words; and without the drawings, the "Researches" would lose more than half their interest for popular circulation. ANDERSSON'S "Lake Ngami" has a double interest from its reproduction of the scenes of that region. GORDON CUMMING'S Munchausen stories of lion and elephant hunting circulate all the more freely from the proof of his valor which he brings in the way of "Scenes from Life," wherein the doughty sportsman is pictured in the midst of his exciting life-and-death adventures. CURTIS'S "Nile Notes" passed all the more currently for their daguerreotypes; and so of many other popular works we might name. So great has become the demand for illustrations, that no work of travels and adventures can sell profitably, without the accompanying reproduction of the scenes; and therefore it has become a necessity for the traveler to be somewhat familiar with design and crayons, if not with colors. TAYLOR'S last works, we believe, did not sell as largely as expected, and for the reason that they were not illustrated. Had the volume on "India, China, and Japan" been elaborated to two books, and liberally endowed with daguerreotypes of the novelties he speaks of, no doubt the work would

have had a sale as large as attended the publication of "Stephens' Travels," a few years since. We hope the record of this Lapland cruise will be brought out fully illustrated, from the sketches made on the spot by the author.

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A WESTERN LANDSCAPE.

WE always like a beautiful picture, whether it be upon canvas, or in words, or of fancy undefined in the brain, for it betrays something of the re-creative power that is within every soul. When the picture is a counterpart of what it is given the eye to gaze upon, it is doubly beautiful from the interest of consociation, and we regard it with critical taste. But, where the eye has not rested upon the scene, and words are used as the medium to convey to us the scene, and the impression it makes upon other minds, there is all the interest, not only of association, but of the mental enjoyment which always comes of beautiful word-painting, sweetly-syllabled illustration; and we realize distinctly that we are guest of artist and poet. Such a picture paragraph is this, of the new capital of Nebraska, Omaha City, from the pen of FRANCES FULLER (Mrs. BARRITT), now a resident of that new Atlantis. Preluding "See Naples, then die," she gives us this visual delight to dream over:

"In the eye of Poetry or Art, (the Art of the painter, we mean,) Omaha is in the meridian of its beauty. There is just enough now of the appearance of a city to indicate its destiny in shadowy outline, without marring the perfect harmony of the original plan of nature. A great and beautiful city we think it must become; but to our eye the change, though grateful in many respects, will bring nothing to equal its present ideal loveliness. Indeed, we doubt if there is a landscape in the world that, in a state of wildness, presents so much the appearance of studied picturesqueness and cultivated beauty. There is not one rough feature in the whole scene. The long, grassy plain, with its river border of trees, the gentle slope of the emerald hills that environ us, the elm-fringed creeks that undulate in countless, graceful windings, the picture-like and panoramic view of Bluff City, and the Iowa hills for miles upon miles, the frequent lake-like views of the devious

Missouri, all combine to make up a scene that is

"Worthy of a king in state, or a poet in his youth."

An afternoon of such days as we have been having lately, when the sky was softened with floating white clouds, that drifted dreamily before the same south wind that waved the grass and rippled the river,—such an afternoon spent on Capitol Hill, alone, or with an appreciating mind, though it were spent in actual idleness, would not be thrown away. The spirit of Beauty is a pure spirit, and her presence should be sought, for its own sake, oftener than it is."

We wonder not at the "rush for the West," which almost every paper chronicles, if there be many such spots in the new territories. Some of our Artists, buried up in their sixth-story studies, would find it to their great profit and good, to "emigrate for a season to the Far West, and there to study Nature in her limitless, incomparable magnificence.



A ROMANCE IN ART LIFE.



NE of our famous American sculptors, residing in the delightful city of Florence, whither all the genius of England and America seems to tend, was one day seated in his studio, at work on an Apollo—for which, by the way, he might stand as a model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous trampling of horses in his court-yard. He looked out of the window, and beheld a magnificent carriage with outriders drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince di B—. He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage. Was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object—all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter—who was an invalid.

The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly; and the Prince, making a sign to his lackeys

from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at this curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The Prince interpreted his glance, and replied to it.

"My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face or form could have been dreamed by Phidias. A face like Cenci's, before it was clouded with the memory of crime—masses of rich, lustrous auburn hair, framing a clear, pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contour of a divinely moulded form was indicated; and when the young Signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious presage of some indefinable catastrophe.

She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as the hour for her retiring came. The prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door closed on her, the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day.

To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all night dreaming of her. Then he would shudder, and say to himself, "It is not love, but pity that I feel. She is a paralytic!"

The next day the scene was repeated, with this difference, that the prince, having seen his daughter posed by the artist, excused himself on the plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home. Poor girl! although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was, in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room, and drove away in his carriage. A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away at his clay image without raising his eyes. Still a silence. Then it

seemed as if a slight rustle had filled the room. A small white hand stole across his mouth, and a burning kiss was imprinted on his forehead. With almost a shriek he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushes crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon.

"I saw you a long time ago," she said. (An Italian woman, when she loves, knows no half measure). "My father was very strict with me. I could not move without being watched. It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis. For two months I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition, my father relaxed his surveillance of my motions. He gratified every wish, and, as an invalid, I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sitter. I have said that I love you. If you do not return my love, I can only die."

What answer made the American? We need not inquire; only, when the Prince di B— returned, he found nothing in his studio but a clay model of his paralytic daughter. The original was nowhere to be found. A few days afterwards, in a small town of France, the Florentine Princess sunk her nobility in the name of an American sculptor.



ART IN BOSTON.—A private letter from Boston says:—The annual exhibition of pictures at the Athenæum Gallery is unusually full this year; so full, indeed, that some of the most valuable works in the possession of the institution, such as West's "King Lear in the Storm," and Cole's "Star of Bethlehem," are hung in open vestibules and along the stairways, where the dampness which this humid season generates may visit them with impunity. A noticeable feature in the exhibition is the Dowse collection of water-color paintings bequeathed to the Massachusetts Historical Society by their eccentric owner, and now for the first time exhibited to an American public. They are mostly copies of the pictures in the Marquis of Stafford's collection, by some of the most eminent English water-colorists, and are fine specimens of an art which in England has been cultivated with better success than elsewhere; although one cannot help regretting that so much skill and finish should have been bestowed upon mere copies."